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not attained the first rank as to one, she probably never would have attained it as to the other.

Grazing, however, has many advantages over tillage, being attended with less expense, and money is often made by trading in cattle and quick transfers. Many of those farmers or graziers, who are now wealthy, having laid the foundation of their wealth in this way.—Buying and selling of stock with judicious speculation has often added considerably to a small capital.

It may however, be asserted, with little risk of contradiction, that no embarkment of capital, generally speaking, affords less profit than farming. The man who follows the plough is he who can live best by tillage; and, in Ireland, where, from want of sufficient employment, agricultural labour is at the lowest value, the peasant and small landholder may follow it to advantage comparatively, at least so far as regards labour.

Tillage may be combined with grazing, to a certain extent, advantageously, but extensive tillage will not, in this country, at least, afford adequate remuneration. The farmer who is embarked in both branches, if he means to manage matters well, and with even tolerable success, must give his time almost wholly and perseveringly up to it. He must be experienced and reflective, and, if he is endowed with a little foresight, so much the better. There is no business in which it is more necessary to regulate matters so as that one operation shall not delay or interfere with another, so as that none may be neglected, but all perfected in detail. To men of well regulated minds this will come easy, and rural pursuits of all kinds will prove agreeable to those disposed to the study of nature, nor is there any employment better calculated to afford a reasonable degree of human happiness, or more of health to the body, and agreeable occupation to the mind. The strictest attention and economy must be unremittingly kept up; and the prudent man will calculate well before he makes an improvement, whether it will pay him or not, which must in a great measure, depend upon circumstances; such as his term or lease, &c. This will be the more necessary, as there are few who have made any thing like a handsome independence by farming, the most hard-working men often closing a long life in the same, or probably little better circumstances than those in which they began. In short, a livelihood is all that a reasonable man can look to; as to making a fortune, that is now almost entirely out of the question. And if too much in theory or speculation is attempted, he who makes the trial will find his mistake, probably, when too late.

Improvement, nevertheless, in all its branches, must be followed up with strict attention to economy; but unless a man has a fortune at his back sufficient to bear him through, (when he may be at liberty to please himself) let him not be led into whimsical or extravagant expenses; neither should the young man of fortune, on coming to his property, if his mind should turn to agricultural pursuits, deceive himself, by visionary profits, prematurely estimated or anticipated, and which are not to be realized. It is not the wish of the writer, to damp the sanguine expectations of such young men; but there are sedate and reflecting minds, even among such, who will profit as they go along by experience, and take caution from the mistakes of their neighbours; rural pursuits will also become agreeable to such, and a strong inducement to reside in the country, and at the same time afford employment and a livelihood to those about them. Besides to such persons, there is a constant variety in looking after the trees, shrubs, fruits, crops, &c. which they plant and see grow and thrive under their care; and which are presenting themselves, always, under some renewed form, rendering agriculture, planting, and gardening, the most agreeable, and least tiresome, of human pursuits.—*Lambert.*

FINE ARTS.

Historic Sketch of the past and present state of the Fine Arts in Ireland.

[A portion of the following essay has been already published in the Dublin Literary Gazette, but owing to various causes it was never completed. We now, by the permission of the Author, present it to the public in a new and corrected

form—illustrated with characteristic embellishments, from ancient remains.]

The Fine arts properly so called, or the arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, have never hitherto, in Ireland, had their chronicle, or indeed, received the slightest aid from the literature of their country. It would be easy to assign probable and sufficient causes for such neglect, but in this place it is enough to state the fact, coupled as it is with its melancholy consequence, that whenever genius of a higher order has appeared among us, and such instances have not been uncommon, we have rarely discovered how it should have been appreciated, till it had fled for ever from our shores.

But brighter prospects appear to be at length opening: great changes have at length taken place in the political world, and if the expected results be realised, as we trust they will, the Fine Arts must participate in the blessing, and their amiable professors see better days. Our minds, no longer engaged in the harrowing broils of political and religious strife, will seek the soft and humanizing enjoyments which the cultivation of the taste can alone impart, and we shall find our reward in the acquisition of a new sense more ennobling to our nature, and more closely allied to the Divinity, than those already enjoyed in common with the lower animals. A green field will be no longer a green field "and nothing more" to us, for we shall have acquired the power of seeing the unspeakable beauty as well as wisdom exhibited in all the works of the Creator; and that beauty cannot fail of entering deep into our souls, and of aiding our exertions to become worthy of a higher state of existence.

The early civilization of Ireland has been a favourite theme with the Irish writers of Milesian origin, for nearly two centuries, while all claims to any removal from utter barbarism, previous to the arrival of the English, have generally been denied with equal warmth by Anglo-Irish and other writers. Prejudices, springing chiefly from political feelings, have equally blinded both sides, and an able and impartial work on the ancient state of Ireland is still a desideratum. We may smile at the description of the "Architectonical magnificence" of the Palace of Eamania, erected 354 years before our era, given on the authority of a Bardic writer in the magniloquent pages of O'Connor, or laugh outright at the visionary O'Halloran's account of the sculptured effigies on the tombs of the Pagan Kings at the Royal Cemetery of Cruchan, derived from the poem of Torna Égeas, a bard of the fourth century. The very passages cited, so far from being evidence for the circumstances they relate, are only stubborn proofs of the comparatively modern manufacture of the poems in which they occur. Yet we are not rashly to infer that the ancient Irish must necessarily have been savage, because enthusiastic writers have endeavoured to prove them civilized on insufficient data. Let us look at the other side, and we shall find the charges of ignorance and barbarism resting on no better foundation. One or two examples will suffice. "There is at this day," says Sir William Petty, "no monument or real argument, that when the Irish were first invaded, they had any stone housing at all, any money, any foreign trade, nor any learning but the legend of the Saints, Psalter, Missals, Rituals, &c.; viz. no Geometry, Astronomy, Anatomy, Architecture, Engineering, Painting, Carving, nor any kind of Manufacture, nor the least use of Navigation, or the Art military." We cannot laugh at this tirade, for we confess we have some drops of Milesian blood in our veins, but in Sir William's own style, we shall for the present observe, that we have abundant monuments and real arguments to prove that the above remarks, as applied by him to the period immediately preceding the arrival of the English, are a tissue of falsehoods, without any the least admixture of truth. Yet his is moderate language compared with that of the learned but dogmatic John Pinkerton. "The contest," he observes, "between those Irish writers and the literati of Europe, is the most risible in the world. The former say, their country was highly civilized, had letters and academies as the Greeks and Romans. The latter say, the Greeks we know, and the Romans we know, but who are ye? Those Greeks and Romans pronounce you not only barbarous, but utterly savage. Where are your authorities against this? In the name of science, of argument, of common sense, where are the slightest marks of ancient civilization among you? Where are ruins of cities? Where inscriptions? Where ancient coins? Where is the least trace of ancient art or science in your whole island? The old inhabitants of your country, the wild Irish, the true Milesian breed, untainted with Gothic blood, we

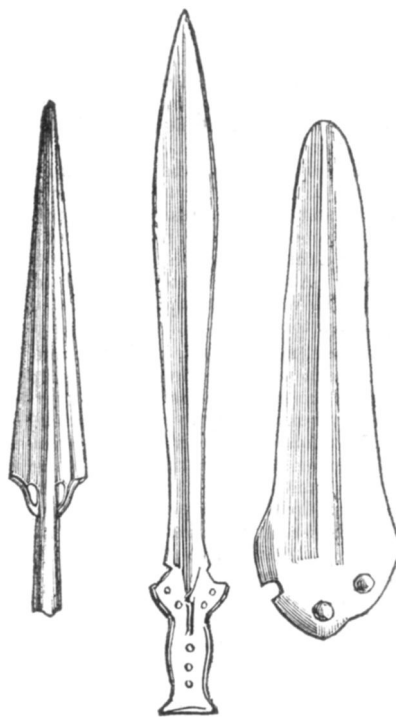
know to be rude clans to this day. Can a nation once civilized become savage? Impossible.—Such a nation may be lost in effeminacy, as the modern Italians and Greeks, but will ever bear marks of the excess, not the wants of civilization." Milesian reader, what say you to all this? You are struck dumb. Well, we shall take up the shillelagh in your defence for a few moments. You, John Pinkerton, say, that "the Greeks and Romans pronounce us not only barbarous but utterly savage." We answer—it is perfectly certain that the Greeks and Romans knew hardly any thing about us. Tacitus, the only early writer who had any authentic information says, that our harbours were better known to merchants than those of Britain. You ask, "In the name of science, of argument, of common sense, where are the slightest marks of ancient civilization amongst us?" We answer, in our ancient monarchy, which, you yourself acknowledge, has higher claims to the antiquity than any other in Europe. In our ancient institutions, our Brehon laws, our music, our poetry, and our monumental remains. "Where are ruins of cities?" Ptolemy, a Greek geographer of the second century, marks nine cities of note in his map of Ireland, and considerable remains of some of these are yet to be seen. "Where inscriptions?" Many have been discovered, not including the impudent forgery on Callan mountain. "Where ancient coins?" We acknowledge we have none. But you yourself tell us, that it was perhaps a thousand years before our era, that the Phœnicians traded to Britain and Ireland, (agreeing pretty nearly with the calculations of our native writers,) and you elsewhere say, that the Phœnicians did not coin money till six hundred years later. Do you expect our Phœnician ancestors should have had coins 600 years before they had learned how to make them? You also say elsewhere, that "had the Phœnicians settled in any part of Britain or Ireland, their usual splendour would have attended them, a few Phœnician coins," you add, "may perhaps be found in Britain and Ireland, a circumstance naturally to be expected from their trading there, but had there been any settlements, there would have been ruins and numerous coins struck at the settlement, as at all those in Spain." To all this, it is only necessary to reply, that there are no remains of Phœnician cities now to be found in Spain, and that the Punic coins and inscriptions found there, are clearly of Carthaginian origin, and consequently cannot claim a very remote antiquity. Had the Irish asserted a descent from the Carthaginians, the want of such inscriptions and coins would be conclusive against them; but as the learned Lord Ross, (then Sir L. Parsons,) observes, no writer of note has ever said so, and we refer the reader to that distinguished nobleman's "Defence of the Ancient History of Ireland," for conclusive arguments on that point. Mr. Pinkerton finally shouts, "Where is the least trace of ancient art or science in your whole island?" We respond, they are exhibited abundantly in the numerous antiquities of gold, silver, and bronze, dug up every day in all parts of Ireland, and similar to the most ancient remains of the Greeks, Egyptians, and Phœnicians. Our gold crowns, collars, bracelets, anklets, our brazen swords, spears, and domestic vessels—our cinerary



urns, our cairns with sepulchral chambers, which are not to be paralleled in the British isles—and lastly, in those Cyclopean works, agreeing identically with those in the islands, and on the shores of the Mediterranean, universally attributed to the Phœnicians.—These are the evidences of the early colonization of Ireland, by a civilized people, which her antiquaries should rely on, and not the dreams of visionary etymologists, or the traditions preserved, and perhaps distorted by monkish

chroniclers, and ignorant bards. If a judicious selection of the antique monuments and other remains found in Ireland, were carefully drawn by some competent artist, and published, our claims to an early civilization would be instantly conceded by the unprejudiced and learned.

But while we thus support the theories of Milesian writers, we are far from asserting that a knowledge of the Fine Arts was introduced into the country in those remote times. It would be folly to ground such a supposition upon idle conjecture; and there is little else on which to found it. Infant colonies do not often carry a knowledge of the Fine Arts along with them; they are only to be found where wealth, luxury and peace have fixed their abode. The domestic arts, the traditions, the religion, the poetry, and the music of a people, will accompany them every where, because these are fixed in their minds, and transferred from generation to generation. The Irish colonists, we are told, brought with them their priest, their artificer, their bard, and their musician; but we hear nothing of their painter, their sculptor, or their architect. What remains of the Fine Arts have the Romans left in Britain? Their relics are only monuments of barbarism. Yet, unquestionably, they colonized that island at the period of their greatest refinement. What knowledge of the Fine Arts have the British colonies of America, at the present day? Besides, we are in great ignorance as to the length the Phœnicians had proceeded at this early time, in the cultivation of those arts. Idolatry, or image worship, which may be called the parent of sculpture, was as yet unknown to them, and the column and the arch were not introduced into architecture for ages after. The existing remains of ancient edifices in Europe, attributed to the Phœnicians, are remarkable only for a rude and simple grandeur. The only indications



of taste in the arts of design, previous to the introduction of Christianity, discoverable in Ireland, are those which our antiquities exhibit. Our gold and silver ornaments, bronze weapons, and domestic vessels, are often elegant in design and workmanship; and some of our sepulchral urns, ornamented with mouldings in bas-relief, shew, at least, an acquaintance with the forms in use among a refined people. A few small bronze figures have been found in our bogs, and ignorantly called idols, but most of them are evidently christian; and the one or two which are not so—figures of victory on a globe, the ornament of a standard—look like imitations of Roman-British work, or were, perhaps, actual spoils of the Scots in Britain.

To be continued.

P.